

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Double-Books on Africa

The Editors

Politics Is for Other People

Christopher Jencks

What Made Stimson Great

Charles Burton Marshall

Return to Moscow

Walter Z. Laqueur

October 3, 1960, 25 cents

T.R.B.

from
Washington

Poetry, Thoreau and a Bible

★ What's important – war or peace at the UN, Kennedy and Nixon on TV, or a dreary jail outside Concord, N.H., holding gentle divinity school teacher, Dr. Willard Uphaus, 70, for a one-year sentence for contempt? The New Hampshire legislature made Attorney General Louis Wyman a one-man snooping committee in 1953, and he made New Hampshire safe from Communism by getting a contempt sentence imposed on the most inoffensive man in sight, Uphaus, for refusing to disclose the guest list of his 1954 World Fellowship (NH) summer camp. One time Yale divinity professor Uphaus is not a Communist; he calls himself a Christian Pacifist. To his camp he invited oddballs and idealists and they discussed religion and economics. He could have given the list (allegedly containing Communists) but felt he should not bring them "into public scorn," since he had a "loyalty to God and the Bible," as he put it. He didn't take the Fifth Amendment; he charged New Hampshire had no business to make such an inquiry.

The Supreme Court, 5-4, decided against him, the minority including Warren, C.J., and Black, Douglas and Brennan. Dr. Uphaus went to jail December 15, last year, with a Bible, some prayer books, poetry and a volume of Thoreau. And there he is. And because he is in jail we are all a little in jail, too.

For what are the Eisenhower-Khrushchev debates all about, yes, and in a way, the Kennedy-Nixon debates? Ultimately they come back to different approaches to the function of government, to what people have a right to say, to the freedom of the human spirit. And part of the American human spirit is jailed now in New Hampshire.

Dr. Uphaus' sentence ends December 15. That gives 10 weeks to think of some appropriate welcome when he comes out.

Covering Up a Hurricane

★ Well, it's official; we're in a recession. This will be Eisenhower's third. What it means is that the big Eisenhower experiment has failed, the theory that you can stretch prosperity out to last longer by channeling it with tight money and a credit squeeze. The *Wall Street Journal*, September 19, makes it official; it says businessmen are asking "whether a recession is threatened" and answers, "A recession has been under way for some time, and the real question is when it may end."

We should like modestly to point out that we began forecasting this recession way back in the February 8 issue when most of the financial page writers were trilling about the Golden 60's. The financial pages are not purposely mendacious, but all those columns of stock prices they carry are things for sale: no editor can come out and say they are priced too high – not, and keep his financial advertising. But the prices were too high, judging by their low yields compared to bonds – and they still are.

Eisenhower had the nation half hysterical over "inflation" after the 1958 Democratic election victory. To meet the mythical inflation which never came people hedged by buying stocks and corporations hedged by fattening inventories. To stop inflation the money managers boosted interest rates way up (which helped the bankers) and kept a labor market comfortable (i.e. promoted unemployment). Well, no inflation came, the feared boom never developed.

A curiosity is that this is the third time it has happened under Eisenhower, 1953-54 and 1957-58 and again today. Each time the fear was inflation when the actual danger was recession. How long will this third one last? Nobody can guess; it's as unpredictable as a Caribbean disturbance that may peter out or turn into a terrible hurricane. A real hurricane the government charts narrowly and broadcasts; for a recession, however, the government art is to conceal the fact. In this case the Administration, through the Council of Economic Advisers, is telling officials not to talk about business prospects.

The best way to cushion a recession is to keep up consumer income, and there is no better way to do this, says Arthur F. Burns, former Eisenhower adviser and business cycle expert, than to expand the federal-state unemployment insurance system. This eases the shock for the suddenly dropped worker and gives him some income. But what has been done? Way back last spring Burns pointed out that all the extensions talked about in the '57-58 debacle (which ended with a \$12 billion deficit) had been forgotten. Nobody repaired the roof because it had stopped raining.

One Vote May Decide

★ Who's ahead in the election? Writing this before the first TV joint appearance we'd say it's neck and neck. The party with the better organization may win. The difference of one vote per precinct may decide as it did for Truman in 1948 in California and Ohio.

Nixon has tried (1) to get Kennedy to accept a cut-off date for replying to attacks by religious bigots, then (2) to embargo any Kennedy criticism of American weakness on the ground that this gives aid and comfort to Russia. Meanwhile at every stop he himself has criticized Kennedy for suggesting that Eisenhower might have expressed regret for the U-2 flight to keep the Summit conference alive. Even the press traveling with Nixon finally gagged at this. On September 20 at the Hotel Casey, Scranton, a reporter quoted Lodge's statement on the Sept. 18 NBC show: "You might say if ever there was a case we didn't have the law on our side it was the U-2 case." How about it? Nixon stammered, "From a technical standpoint Ambassador Lodge is correct." Then why, asked another reporter, "If we were wrong on this do you criticize Senator Kennedy for offering the possibility of expressing regret? Does the US never express regret?" Nixon made a vague reply but kept on using the bit.

The press likes Kennedy all right but whispers, "He's a text-deviate."

Finally, the best piece of political pamphleteering of our time is Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?* for publication next week by Macmillan. Beg, borrow or steal, yes – confound it all! – buy a copy (\$1.95).

Double-Books on Africa

THE WEEK

3. *Double-Books on Africa*; Nkrumah
and Herter; *The First TV Debate*;
Wooing the Farmers; *Segregationist*
Retreat; *The Enterprising Mr. Hoffa*;
Slipping Off the Plateau

ARTICLES

- 8. *Social Notes from The Plaza*
by Murray Kempton
- 9. *The Superficial Aspect*
by Gerald W. Johnson
- 10. *Osborn Views the Campaign*
- 11. *Uphill to the Old Nixon*
- 12. *Return to Moscow*
by Walter Z. Laqueur
- 13. *Politics Is for Other People*
by Christopher Jencks

DEPARTMENTS

- 15. Books 19. Movies 20. Theater
- 21. Correspondence

THE STAFF

Gilbert A. Harrison, Editor & Publisher
Helen Fuller, Managing Editor
Selig S. Harrison, Associate Editor
Robert Evett, Books & the Arts Editor
F. R. Ruskin, Assistant to the Publisher

Contributing Editors:

Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein,
Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin,
Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks,
Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann
Helen Hill Miller, Howard Simons,
Michael Straight

Not long ago, it was expected that Nigeria would be tied closely to the West, but in the last year much evidence has accumulated that Nigeria will forswear any allegiance that might seem to compromise its now imminent independence. The black statesmen of former French Africa who, at the UN the other day, praised French liberality were speaking with deep sincerity, but each of these states opted for independence from France and will vote against France on Algeria, thus demonstrating the swiftness of the tidal flow away from Europe and America and the pull it exerts, through the young militants in each regime, on those in power. The rising tide is that of Africanism – not French Africanism or British or Communist or least of all “Western” – but a fixation on the future as Africa’s future and a reconstruction of the past as Africa’s past.

Just as important, there is, one suspects, an unexpressed awareness in Africa that the continent can stand on its own feet only if it can skillfully balance (it cannot escape) the pressures of both East and West. The more sophisticated Africans know that the Cold War – that struggle between incompatible purposes – cannot really be “kept out of Africa,” and neither Mr. Eisenhower nor Mr. Khrushchev is entirely candid on this point. Neither Washington nor Moscow can, as a matter of practical self-interest or principle, follow the President’s doctrine of “non-interference in the African countries’ internal affairs.” Both must keep double-books; each is at every opportunity grasping for the hand of the new states. To both, “keeping the Cold War out of Africa” is a tactic in the Cold War. And it is this very competition that has helped to precipitate Africa’s headlong rush toward a multitude of sovereignties. The most the Africans and the West can hope for is that neither East nor West will impose its views on the new states by military intervention or massive subversion.

We may deplore the opportunities in this situation for international blackmail. But these opportunities are built-in, and from the point of view of these virgin and inexperienced countries, it is not blackmail: It is the equally ancient but more honorable art of maintaining political equilibrium. If one is almost totally dependent on the outside world for his expertise, his capital, his education (the list is endless), one had better diversify his dependence sufficiently so that there will always be an “alternative” should the demands of one side or the other become too unbearable.

In Morocco, the left-wing government of Abdullah Ibrahim was

ousted by royal fiat last spring and the conservative Crown Prince Moulay Hassan was invested with governmental authority. Yet paradoxically, conservative Morocco has continued to move to the Left, partly to contain its dissident radical opposition, but also to maintain the first requirement for independence – a rough equilibrium between the influence of East and West.

We think of Africa too simply if we think only of Africa "aspiring to be free." For most African leaders, the question is how freedom will be used to reconstruct their societies. To this end, there are about as many plans as there are leaders, and the reconciliations that will be required between rival personalities and programs will occupy our attention and try our patience for years to come.

Last winter, Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah proposed to solve the problems of the divided Ewe tribe, and to forward his conception of pan-African unity, by incorporating neighboring Togo as "the seventh region of Ghana." But Togo's President Olympio, supported by other African states, had no intention of becoming Ghana's "seventh region." Last year, Senegal and Sudan merged into something called the Mali Federation, which, it was hoped, would give impetus to the idea of a new pan-African state for French-speaking Africa. Now a little more than a year later the Federation has collapsed. The result: acute tension between erstwhile partners. A long civil war in the former French Cameroon saw Communist weapons arming the rebels, which only served to further entrench French influence in the Cameroon government. Until the last few days, it looked as if the Congo, so divided on state centralism *vs.* tribal decentralism, might effectively be partitioned between a Soviet-sponsored regime in Lumumba-land with the West pocketing Katanga and possibly Kasai provinces.

In the chaos of postcolonial African politics, situations will repeatedly emerge that invite interventions by the great powers. The delicate political equilibrium in which Africa's independence is suspended could be shattered as rival African states call upon East or West to advance their cause or to protect them from the encroachments of their neighbors.

The US Government has announced a policy that in general is sensible. At the UN, Mr. Eisenhower in effect acknowledged that African neutralism, far from being "immoral," is inevitable and right, and that intervention by outside powers would "create a focus of conflict in the heart of Africa." He pledged US aid to a UN security system "able to manifest its presence in emergencies through United Nations observers or forces." He suggested that the world should make greater use of international instruments for bringing social and economic improvement to these new nations, though he failed to put a realistic tag on such ventures – the \$100 million figure he mentioned for *both* the UN

Special Fund and the UN Technical Assistance Program for Africa next year is very small potatoes.

Can the UN serve to legitimize and guarantee African neutrality? Not if the Communists can prevent it. The Soviet Union is unlikely to be tamed by a UN which, in Mr. K's estimate, has become the "tool of the colonial imperialists." The USSR, anticipating the battle for Mr. Hammarskjöld's successor and itself competing with Communist China for leadership of the "revolutionary" forces in the world, will continue its attack on the Secretariat, for therein reposes the effective authority of the UN. The Eastern bloc, including, one must remember, Communist China (which is not in the UN but *is* in Africa), will continue to make friends by immoderately but effectively damning colonialism and offering spectacular aid and by intervening wherever and whenever possible. It will continue to use its double veto (one vote in the Security Council, one vote plus one-third of the members of the Assembly) to obstruct any program which does not appear in the Communist interest. (A Soviet-sponsored Lumumba regime in Stanleyville is easy enough to envisage.)

But the non-Communist nations are not without resources; the Communists have not yet either taken over or paralyzed or destroyed the UN. And though the US emphasizes the UN as the most practical vehicle for an African policy, it is not obligated thereby to write off long-range (and costly) programs of bilateral and multilateral Western aid, nor need we discount the possibility of unilateral intervention if Communist truculence gets out of hand.

How well a UN approach to Africa will work depends first, on convincing America's European allies to give increasing support to the UN's role, and second, on convincing the Africans that such an approach is their best hope for gaining and maintaining real independence. France's resistance will be enormous, for to legitimize the UN's role in Africa may be to contravene France's image of her privileged position in her former colonies. The blistering speech in the UN by Ghana's President Nkrumah, demanding an exclusively African force in the Congo in support of Patrice Lumumba, illustrates the difficulties on the second front. Africans all swear by the UN in theory; in practice, they will not only divide among themselves as they are dividing on the Congo question, in accord with their differing ambitions and views on Africa's future, but they will be emotionally drawn to the idea of their special continental destiny.

In short, our UN policy, while sound, demands intensive education and negotiations both within and without the antechambers and corridors of the UN. It is worth enormous effort. Each day, each thing done or left undone, counts heavily. For failure may well mean failure to keep the hot war out of this promising and perilous continent.

Nkrumah and Herter

What was most surprising about Secretary of State Herter's strong reaction to Mr. Nkrumah's address to the UN General Assembly on Friday was his air of shocked surprise. The Secretary's initial comment that President Nkrumah's comment placed him "very definitely in the Communist camp" – later edited to read "marked himself as very definitely leaning toward the Soviet bloc" – was not only inaccurate, but also a tactical blunder calculated to antagonize the entire African "neutralist" contingent in New York.

Reading the speech in written form, away from the emotion-charged atmosphere in which it was delivered and ignoring the fact that it was juxtaposed to Khrushchev's blast, one finds it largely a restatement of the same "positive neutralist" principles Nkrumah was enunciating last month when he accepted a \$30 million US loan for assistance in building the Volta River project, or last year when Britain's Queen Elizabeth invested him as the first African member of her select Privy Council. He opened with the kind of emotional attack on colonialism expected of a man striving to become the accepted spokesman of his continent, proclaiming that "as long as a single foot of African soil remains under foreign domination, the world shall have no peace." But he also made a sideswipe at the USSR, when he demanded that "all financial aid and technical assistance to the Congo Republic should be...channeled through the United Nations and guaranteed and supervised by a Committee of Independent African States appointed by the Security Council." And, despite criticisms of the UN role in the Congo, he proclaimed Africa's loyalty to "the UN as the only organization that holds out any hope for the future of mankind." His call for a permanent seat for Africa on the Security Council happens to coincide with the Khrushchev line, but Nkrumah has been saying it a good while longer than the Soviet leader.

The most controversial section of Mr. Nkrumah's speech was his attack on the new Congo "strong man," Colonel Mobutu. But even this was predictable in view of Mobutu's demand, a few hours earlier, that the nearly 2,500 Ghana troops in the UN force in the Congo leave the country. Far more conservatively-governed African states than Ghana are deeply suspicious that the sudden appearance of the 31-year-old Colonel Mobutu on the Congo scene was not entirely spontaneous. The view that "intrigues of the colonialists," tacitly supported by Mr. Hammarskjöld's command, had set the new military junta up in operation to get the troublesome Premier Lumumba out of the way, was already gaining ground among African leaders before Mobutu's order for evacuation.

Hidden within Mr. Nkrumah's many paragraphs of impassioned rhetoric are the outlines of a new and



Jack-in-the-Box

somewhat more moderate behind-the-scenes maneuver by a group of leading African statesmen to persuade Hammarskjöld to work with them in breaking the Congo stalemate. Four states – Ghana, the UAR, Morocco and Ethiopia – are the vanguard of this new effort, which advocates three major steps:

1. The UN force in the Congo should be used to disarm and disband the entire *Force Publique* (including, one assumes, Colonel Mobutu) and take over complete responsibility for security.
2. The UN should then reinstate Kasavubu as president and Lumumba as premier, thus recognizing the legal status of the central government as it was when the world organization originally intervened.
3. The "Congolese people" should then, in due time, be consulted on whether they want to keep this duly elected government or change it for another.

Above all, the African states argue that the UN has no right to let a military *coup* occur under its very eyes just because it finds the legitimately-elected government intractable. Mr. Nkrumah's proposals may coincide with the immediate Soviet propaganda line, and they might create a government far less amenable to close relations with the United States than Colonel Mobutu's, but Secretary Herter sadly misunderstands the temper of Africa today if he thinks they are aimed at delivering the continent into Soviet hands.

The First TV Debate

Senator Kennedy did one thing in his initial, shorthand TV discussion last Monday night with the Vice President. He laid low the doubts some Democrats have had that he might not be able to stand up to Nixon. What a confident performance it was. Here was the old pro at forcing the opposition onto the defensive, the old pro at rising above the relevant, the old pro – Dick Nixon – at switching the question from who will bring home the bacon to who is the best ham – Ike's boy, Dick, from beginning to end on defensive in debate. And more than on the defensive, looking harassed, almost begging his TV audience to understand that he was as *sincere* as his opponent in wanting all good things for the farmer, the old people, the teachers. And here too was that apostle of civil rights, who forgot, as Mr. Kennedy did not, to mention the subject.

The Vice President seemed throughout to be hemmed in as might any man appear who must both defend the past and insist that we have not done as well as we could and should do better. But do better how? Well, when it came to what the federal government should do to aid education, or provide medical care for the aged, or a minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour, Mr. Nixon was reduced to the sad retort that Democratic measures were, of course, "too extreme."

On the central point, Senator Kennedy knowingly and concisely defined the issue: the future of freedom in the world will depend in large part on how imaginatively, how energetically, this society solves its own problems: "If we fail, freedom fails. . . . Economic growth means we are able to meet our commitments abroad." To which the Vice President could only nod, me-too, yes-but, and never forget we want to "stimulate the creative energies of Americans."

Wooing the Farmers

The front half of Mr. Nixon's farm program was unveiled at Des Moines last Friday in a speech that he read out carefully. Three-fourths of it is familiar. He favors more energetic efforts to distribute our mountainous stockpiles of food and fiber to the hungry and ill-clothed peoples of the world. He would like to see the establishment of strategic food reserves dispersed throughout the country for use in a national emergency. He wants the farmers who raise the most troublesome price-supported crops – wheat, for example – to be paid in kind for growing less.

All this has brought Bronx cheers from his embattled opponents, such as Senator Johnson, who say he copied those points from the Democrats. But they do not and indeed cannot make the same complaint about his fourth proposition. "This is a new one," he said,

when introducing it; and indeed it is both original and breathtaking. Mr. Nixon proposes that excess grain from the surplus stockpiles be "converted into low-cost bulk meat, powdered milk and eggs, meanwhile giving livestock, dairy and poultry producers throughout the country additional income." These products the government will distribute outside "normal commercial marketing channels," *i.e.*, through relief channels – a proposal contrasting sharply with Senator Kennedy's surplus disposal plan, which involves no additional federal expenditure and relies on bringing supply into balance with demand through marketing quotas.

The cost to the government of such a program for the conversion of surplus grains into high-protein foods was estimated by his staff at between \$1 billion and \$500 million per year over a four-year period. An offsetting factor that cannot be calculated in advance would be some reduction in the overhead costs of carrying commodity stockpiles now owned outright by the CCC or held as collateral for price-support loans. These costs are running at the rate of a billion and a quarter dollars yearly. Farmers would vigorously applaud efforts to cut these costs; they have no love for the bankers, railroads and warehouse concerns who get the overhead money. What is questionable is the capacity of dairy, poultry and livestock farmers to expand their operations, as Mr. Nixon proposes, without a substantial infusion of new capital.

Doubtless something along the lines of the old War Plant Corporation might be organized to provide participating farmers with additional machinery and buildings. This too would be applauded. The consequences, however, of the next step in the high-protein conversion plan would lead to sharp criticism. Eggs, milk, poultry and meat are perishable. As Mr. Nixon recognizes, they would have to be cracked, condensed, powdered, cooked, packaged and canned for distribution through the slow channels of national and international relief organizations. How many of the new Department of Agriculture billions would go to Swift, Armour, Cudahy, Hormel, Rath and the rest of the processors and packagers for doing that job?

This much we know for a fact: for every dollar

REPRINTS AVAILABLE

Cuba: A Dissenting Report
by Samuel Shapiro

Single Copy – 50c	25 Copies – \$10
50 Copies – \$18	100 Copies – \$30

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 19th Street, N.W.

Washington 6, D. C.

farmers now receive in the wholesale markets, processors and handlers get two by the time the product reaches the consumer. Depending to some degree, of course, on how the Nixon High-Protein Proposition is managed, about half the money promised farmers could go instead to middlemen: this turns out to be a plan for the relief of the food industry rather than the farmer. And its potentiality for cutting down our surplus grain production is small; indeed, we'd have to keep up the surplus stockpiles in order to maintain this high-protein operation. The school lunch program began as a purely surplus-unloading plan and the lunches were free. Now the government buys for this program, in addition to donations of the few surplus staples, such supplies as beef, poultry, and milk and from commercial sources. And the lunches are no longer free.

Segregationist Retreat

It was in Prince Edward County, Virginia, that General Robert E. Lee rode to a hilltop one evening in April of 1865 to look down on the losses he had suffered in the bloody Battle of Sayler's Creek. "My God!" historians quote him as saying. "Has the Army dissolved?" His scattered troops rallied to him for one fine last stand, but three days later at Appomattox Lee surrendered.

In a different way today Prince Edward has been the scene of another Southern stand against hopeless odds. Last September the small, rural tobacco and pine county, with a population half white and half Negro, took the desperate action all "black belt" areas have threatened to take. It abandoned all public education. A private school foundation provided make-shift classrooms for the county's 1,500 white students who studied in churches, in lodge halls, and even in an abandoned blacksmith's shop where hastily installed plumbing would freeze on a winter's morning. The substitute system operated entirely on voluntary contributions. Local white residents provided the bulk of the \$300,000 operating budget.

Recently, however, private school officials announced that voluntary contributions had proved insufficient. In the new school term just begun the private school system is charging tuition and parents have been invited to accept state-backed tuition grants. Further, the county itself will provide direct educational grants to individuals and permit tax credits for donations made to the private school effort. The private school will thus operate almost completely on public funds.

What this means, in the view of lawyers manning Prince Edward's legal defenses, is virtual defeat for the local segregationist cause. Recourse to the public treasury invites challenge in the courts; private schools that rely on public funds could be designated as public schools and thus subject to integration orders.

The Enterprising Mr. Hoffa

James Hoffa's Teamsters now have a factory which they financed, and in which they have organized the workers — an odd and unexpected result of New Mexico's 1955 law permitting municipalities to buy up going industries from outside the state. Industries so established are free of the 52 percent federal corporate income tax since they are municipally-owned, although not city-operated. The law allows the municipality to offer very favorable terms to private operators who lease the factory and an advantage in price competition offsetting the industry's distance from major markets. It also encourages private companies to sell out to the city on very favorable terms, since the bonds the municipality issues to buy a plant are also free of federal income tax.

Deming, in southwestern New Mexico, was the first town to take advantage of the law. It bought and moved three industries to Deming; two from California, the third the Auburn Rubber Company of Auburn, Indiana, which employs about 350 people in Deming.

The 7 percent, tax-exempt bonds which the city offered to finance the purchase and removal of Auburn Rubber were snapped up by the Teamsters' pension fund; for investment only, it was said.

The plant had been unionized in Indiana by the United Rubber Workers. But who should now turn up as a rival but the Teamsters! The first representation election resulted in a standoff.

Most Deming businessmen found themselves in the queer position of supporting the Teamsters. The Chicago broker, who sold the Teamsters pension fund the bonds, turned up in Deming and blessed Mr. Hoffa's crowd, saying that to permit the plant to be organized by the Rubber Workers would be like "Macy's having a mortgage on Gimbels." The Teamsters won the runoff by a vote of about two to one.

Slipping Off the Plateau

The economic news last week had begun to catch up with earlier forebodings. First, the stock market experienced its worst break in five years; stocks have lost \$36 billion in value since the beginning of this year. More discouraging was the announcement of lay-offs by three large corporations. International Harvester plans to close 9 plants which will lay off 17,000 men for periods of 2-5 weeks this autumn. The Pennsylvania Railroad is laying off 3,000 workers and placing 4,900 more on shorter time. And Chrysler Corporation announced it will dismiss 5,000 employees on October 4 because of big inventories in dealers' hands. About the only bit of encouraging news is the 8 percent August rise in housing starts over July, though the August starts were still substantially below a year ago.

Social Notes from The Plaza

The honorable Sylvanus Olympio, president of the new Republic of Togoland, invited his fellow rulers of the earth to a small reception at the Hotel Plaza Wednesday afternoon.

President Olympio is a man with all the higher graces, and speaks French, German and English with cosmopolitan ease, this being a necessary facility for any Togolese gentleman, since his little country has, in the course of his lifetime, been successively controlled by the Germans, the British and the French.

There is, I am sure, a Togoland anthropological society for the study of primitive cultures around the world, and Sylvanus Olympio would naturally be its honorary president. In such case, when the society meets next, President Olympio's little monograph on the domestic habits of the Americans should certainly be the high point of the proceedings.

For his own modest contribution to the UN social calendar, the President of Togoland invited all delegations. The Americans sent no guest of more elevated station than an information officer. Nikita Khrushchev sent himself.

He was, of course, a whale in a bathtub. President Olympio's other guests had not begun to drink when the battalions of New York police set up their encampment outside the Plaza. Khrushchev arrived, was booed soundly by 3,000 persons around the fountain where Zelda Fitzgerald once bathed, and booed not much more decorously by the ladies in the lobby who henceforth will be able to tell their grandchildren that they stood up to Nikita Khrushchev. I can't see how much more mileage Nixon can get out of having stood up to Khrushchev; in a week Cabot Lodge and I will be the only two Americans who haven't.

"Savages," said Khrushchev and went upstairs to join the gentry from Africa.

An advance party of some 30 journalists and bearers of television equipment and cameras were already staked out in the Crystal Room across the hall from President Olympio's reception, and the quarters were soon bulging with 50 or more of their kind who had come with Khrushchev. President Olympio had personally invited six journalists who had done some service to the state of Togo. The first

invasion of his privacy came when a squad of State Department security officers, an alumni association of Mafia sergeants-at-arms, entered the gold-and-white room with a view to throwing the journalist guests out into Central Park.

President Olympio managed to divert this particular marauding tribe and his guests were then permitted peacefully to engage Nikita Khrushchev in conversation while Khrushchev toasted his host in orange juice.

By all reports it was a pleasant interlude which might have gone unspoiled were it not for the high civility of the innocent Togoland-ers. They thought of the non-invited tribe of pressmen confined across the hall; and so the doors were opened and the press came in. Wild elephants have done less to native compounds. Heads of state in parti-colored *kentes* were knocked against the walls like so many rag-dolls; waiters were trampled to the floor, as the herd swept towards its object, Nikita Khrushchev talking to Elaine Sheppard. "Goodness," said President Olympio, neatly balanced between shock and laughter, "we have been invaded." Khrushchev was swept up in the herd, and carried towards the exits and the stampede went God knows where, although one cherishes the hope that it cost the lives of at least three of those colonial dames in the Palm Garden. When it had gone and the wounded picked themselves up and limped away, the guests seemed to have been carried off too, leaving nothing but President Olympio and his staff and a few stray members of the herd who had been cut off at the pass.

President Olympio found them drinks and made them welcome with the grace which allows a gentleman to pass without strain even among wild savages. One of them fingered the President's *kente* – the tribal toga – and he explained its varieties and their general lack of symbolic significance; polite as he was, he sounded as though he were being asked about the difference between a gray flannel suit and a blue serge. He endured a few rather-too-searching questions about Togo culture, and let us drift away. He did not ask any of us about our own tribal customs.

MURRAY KEMPTON, *Courtesy New York Post*

The Man Has Said Something

The obscenities spewed against Senator Kennedy by the scavenger press are probably doing him more good than harm. They may be inciting to frenzy the denizens of a few forlorn backwaters that civilization has passed by, but these never intended to vote for Kennedy, so he has lost nothing. On the other hand, among the population given to bathing at regular intervals these things are creating sympathy for a man indecently assailed.

This is not justification for unalloyed rejoicing. If a man's vote ought not to be swayed by prejudice, neither should it be swayed by sympathy. The hope of reasonable men is that both the prejudice and the sympathy may have exhausted themselves before November 8, permitting a rational judgment based on the man's ideas as presented in his public utterances.

There is evidence that the Senator may have contributed to this result by what seemed to some overemphasis upon his religious affiliation in the early days of the campaign. This observer, for one, was skeptical. Mr. Kennedy's argument that if a Catholic is good enough to be a Senator he is good enough to be President suggested an unawareness of the enormous difference between the Presidency and every other political office.

It may be that the President was meant to be, and in times past actually was merely the Chief Magistrate; but today he is, or he ought to be, the nation's leader. As such, his theories are as important as his acts, at times more so. Mr. Kennedy, however, has publicly denied that he is even theoretically committed to accept such political ideas as those in the startling *Syllabus* of Pius IX; and with that out of the way, the last rationally defensible objection to his candidacy is removed.

Decision now turns upon what positive claims can be advanced in his behalf. His attractive personality is not a valid claim, any more than his religion is a valid objection. But when he boldly grasped the nettle of the industry-wide strike, he brought the debate back into the realm of the rational, and for that rational men should fervently give thanks.

One may rejoice without necessarily accepting his ideas uncritically. The point is that they are ideas. The man has said something with meaning and the debate can now proceed on a basis of reality. He has proposed

giving the President additional power to deal with an industrial conflict that threatens the whole economy.

Without doubt there should be power to prevent economic paralysis when management and labor are at loggerheads, and where shall that power be lodged, if not in the hands of the President? Yet "power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." We want no economic dictator in the White House, so it is legitimate to ask Mr. Kennedy what checks and balances he thinks would prevent this additional power from becoming absolute and therefore absolutely corrupting.

This is a matter of statecraft, obviously difficult, but certainly not to be considered beyond the capacity of political thinkers who are worthy of the name of statesmen. Without doubt Mr. Kennedy has given it careful thought, and what more he may say on the subject ought to receive the equally careful thought of all intelligent men.

So we have here an issue that is a genuine political issue, and not a compound of stereotypes, prejudices, speculation and mythology. More than that, it is a dangerous issue. Kennedy could easily blow himself up, for when he discusses labor relations he is handling dynamite.

But what earthly good is a leader who never dares stick his neck out? With this one speech Kennedy has definitely removed himself from that category. Whatever else he may be, he is no James Buchanan, and that reassurance should be gratefully received. For in the present state of the world it is hard to conceive of anything, anything whatever, that the next President could do that would be as bad as doing nothing at all.

One swallow does not make a summer, nor one speech a campaign, but this looks like a beginning. Thus far Kennedy has been fighting "ghoulies, and ghosties, and long-leggitit beasties, and things that go *whoosh* in the dark," rather than the tangible foes of the republic. But he should now be done with all that; and if he will proceed to be as clear, forthright and definite on half a dozen other subjects, he will turn this circus into a great referendum.

And if he does, he may be a Catholic, or a Hindu, or a Manichaeon or a vegetarian, but reasonable men will pay no heed; for he will be a leader, and Heaven knows we need one!

Osborn Views
The Campaign



*The Image of Nixon
isn't entirely clear!*

Uphill to the Old Nixon

When the Vice President calls for a moratorium on criticism of Administration policies and links Senator Kennedy to "the course of surrender," he stirs memories of that familiar but sometimes forgotten Nixon trademark of other years, the High Level Aspersion. The following cases in point run uphill, so to speak, from the New Nixon to the Old.

"We would not and could not prevent your coming here as head of the Soviet delegation. We did not invite you, though I think most Americans would agree that we would rather meet in the UN than in nuclear combat. But nevertheless, the American people are wondering, Mr. Khrushchev, why you decided to come. . . . It has been suggested that your objective is to divide our country in the midst of an election. Let me say as emphatically as I can those tactics will not work."

— JOHN F. KENNEDY, Baltimore, September 17, 1960

"I have heard all the excuses but I believe not in an America that is first but, or first if, or first when — but an America that is first — period."

— JOHN F. KENNEDY, Washington, September 20, 1960

"If Senator Kennedy intends to address himself to Mr. Khrushchev and the Communist leaders, I say the American people will hold him accountable for his words. . . . I do not believe that it serves the cause of peace or freedom to talk about America's weakness militarily, to talk about America's falling behind economically, and to indicate that . . . our prestige is falling throughout the world . . . to talk about non-reciprocal concessions to the Soviet Union that would work toward the course of surrender."

— RICHARD M. NIXON, Fort Wayne, September 21, 1960

* * *

"Once the Summit had broken up and once Mr. Khrushchev indicated his refusal to continue, I don't think that the United States could — but — he said there were two conditions for continuing. One, that we apologize. I think that that might have been possible to do and that second, we try those responsible for the flight. We could not do that. . . . If he had merely asked that the United States should express regret, then that would have been a reasonable term. To say we should try those involved — quite obviously that meant he wanted to break it up. . . ."

— JOHN F. KENNEDY, Eugene, Oregon, May 17, 1960

"Senator Kennedy . . . shows a very naïve attitude with regard to Mr. Khrushchev . . . to express regrets to Mr.

Khrushchev for something that he knew was necessary, that he knew he was basically at fault for by reason of his own aggressive actions, would not have saved the conference. . . . For the President to have apologized or to have expressed regret as Senator Kennedy suggested under those circumstances would have been a mistake of the greatest magnitude in my opinion."

— RICHARD M. NIXON, Scranton, September 20, 1960

* * *

"Public mail to the State Department on the Quemoy situation has been steadily increasing and is running heavily against the Administration's decision to help the Chinese Nationalists retain the offshore islands."

— New York Times, September 27, 1958

"This [disclosure] is the result of the patent and deliberate effort of a State Department subordinate to undercut the Secretary of State and sabotage his policy."

— RICHARD M. NIXON, September 27, 1958

* * *

"I regret that the Administration chose to casually dismiss my proposal last spring to halt further testing of large nuclear devices, conditioned upon adherence by the other atomic powers to a similar policy. I call attention to the fact that these other nations have subsequently announced willingness to limit such tests."

— ADLAI E. STEVENSON, Los Angeles, September 5, 1956

"His naïve suggestion that we discontinue our H-bomb tests could have no other effect than to shake the confidence of our friends abroad as to the determination and ability of the United States to deal firmly and realistically with the Communist threat."

— RICHARD M. NIXON, Philadelphia, October 3, 1956

* * *

"While the American economy has been shrinking, the Soviet economy has been growing fast. In the long view this is probably more important than the development of Soviet military power."

— ADLAI E. STEVENSON, Detroit, October 2, 1954

"In addition, Mr. Stevenson has been guilty of spreading pro-Communist propaganda as he has attacked with violent fury the economic system of the United States and has praised the Soviet economy. . . . Whatever Mr. Stevenson's purpose may be, such statements of praise for the Soviet economy do the cause of the free world great damage. His dislike for our own economic system is his own business, but when he links such criticism with praise of the rapid growth of the Soviet economy he is performing a grave disservice to us and to the rest of the free world."

— RICHARD M. NIXON, Pasadena, October 28, 1954

Return to Moscow

by Walter Z. Laqueur

The very skyline has changed; forests of television aerials cover the roofs, up to 15 on a small two-story house. Large colored posters, some of them quite attractive, loom on the walls of the houses: "Citizen, save time, use a taxi." Which is easier said than done, especially at night. There are of course the ubiquitous *Shabashniks* (don't look for this word in a Russian dictionary) who will take you anywhere if you are in a hurry, for money and soft words, and especially for money. The taxi drivers are talkative as usual; someone should write a dissertation sometime on the impact of Moscow taxi drivers on the formation of public opinion in the West. They are still the main source of information for foreign correspondents and some diplomats are said to – well, one should not give away any diplomatic secrets.

Many small things have changed during the last 12 months: they have even acquired the rudiments of installment buying. There was no speed limit in the Soviet capital but now it is set at a very firm 40 miles.

The Muscovites are full of praise for a new kind of vehicle seen more often now in the streets of the capital and even in the provinces: the "emergency aid," usually a doctor and nurse who are not only available for accidents but will also make urgent domestic visits and are on call at any time of the day and night. There are, generally speaking, more cars in the streets now than a year ago: it is said that a Soviet compact will be on the market at the end of the year. At the moment the only car in the very cheap category is a small vehicle from Czechoslovakia which seems to be available only to institutions. On a steamboat trip to Kuntsevo on a hot Sunday afternoon we saw one or two private motor boats; the crowd of bathers was looking at them with astonishment and no doubt a certain amount of envy.

In recent years Moscow has outgrown the old Russian provinciality. This finds expression in many ways, great and small: the constant stream of foreign visitors from many parts of the world, of delegations of the most varied kinds, and of tourists who can, if they like, sleep in tents instead of Intourist hotels for the first time this year. The foreigner is no longer a rarity in Moscow and the native does not look around twice even when the foreigner in question is an American college girl in an outlandish getup. Letters to and from Western Europe only take four days now – instead of

two weeks and at some newspaper-stalls in Moscow it is now possible to buy the previous day's *Humanite*, *Unita* and *Daily Worker* – it used to take considerably longer.

London and Paris as well as Tiflis and Baku are clearly marked on the dials of the new radio sets and it seems that a lot of people are taking advantage of the fact. Trips abroad have also become possible, in theory at least; Soviet spokesmen refer proudly to the fact that hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens have been or will be going abroad in 1960. Admittedly, "abroad" usually means such places as Bulgaria or Czechoslovakia. Relatively few people get to Western Europe and then generally as members of delegations. A fortnight's holiday in Paris and London costs the Soviet citizen about 5,000 rubles (\$500), which is beyond the means of the majority of the population.

There is a great interest in foreign countries, but the people of Moscow are curious not so much about political affairs as everyday life in the West, the schools, the health service and the shops. Hardly anyone wants to discuss politics and it is somewhat touching to see well-meaning foreigners trying to involve waiters, chamber maids and taxi drivers in arguments about the basic tenets of dialectical materialism. A new weekly paper has recently been started to meet this interest in life abroad; called *Za Rubeshom* (*Abroad*), it is a sort of *Reader's Digest*, offering the readers translations from the Western press in which the Soviet Union is praised or at any rate the West is criticized.

It may have been partly due to the summer holidays that the interest in politics seemed so slight in spite of American planes and the Congo; the *New Times*, the leading political weekly, struck me, at any rate, as the least read paper in the Soviet Union.

Men's shoes and hats have improved since last year, but the appearance of the place in summer has been revolutionized by the clothes of many girls and young women; blouses and skirts in pleasant bright colors, manicured hands, medium high heels, some jewelry, complicated coiffures and dyed hair, and even occasional low necklines. Wedding rings, which were very rare only a few years ago, are being worn more and more and in the larger towns there is now a *Dom Svadbi* where it is possible to buy all the necessities for a solid middle-class marriage.

It is not without interest to observe how firmly established the institution of the family has again become

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR is editor of *Soviet Survey* and author of numerous studies on Communism.

in recent times, whereas in Communist China it is being constantly asserted that the family (and not merely the middle-class family) is doomed. In the Soviet press a discussion has recently begun on whether it would be a good thing if Soviet women were only to work half a day in some occupations so as not to neglect the home and family. One comes across necking couples again and again on benches in the Gorki Park and on the banks of the Moskva; the old shyness and reserve in public have gone and the preachers of morality (of whom there is no lack) who complain bitterly about the corruption of manners are apparently fighting for a lost cause. Asked about this the Muscovites usually talk of the new stream of foreign visitors, observing that since the Communist Youth Festival of 1957 the younger generation of the Soviet capital has never been the same again – they picked up their new ideas and manners from the French and Americans. Which shows that foreigners cannot be trusted, whether they are Communist or not.

All this goes for Moscow and also Leningrad and Kiev, and a few of the best summer resorts such as Yalta and Sochi. In Novosibirsk and Sverdlovsk, not to mention the countryside, a low-necked dress is still regarded as shocking and in this, as in some other more significant respects, Moscow is still not typical of the Soviet Union in general. But every year many hundreds of thousands of astonished provincials come to the capital and take home some of the changes in Moscow's way of life. Moscow certainly sets the style and in several years even Khabarovsk may have caught up with the capital.

There is by no means any lack of money in the provinces; the standard of life in Tiflis is probably higher than in the capital. There are goods in Kiev and Kharkov which are unobtainable in Moscow and everyone knows that in Siberia higher salaries are paid than in European Russia.

Last summer one often found that people in the shops and stores were ready to buy anything that happened to be available, whether it was teddy bears or sewing machines, because they knew from experience how restricted the choice of goods was, and that once a particular consignment had been sold out, it was impossible to reckon on another delivery. In 1960 the Soviet buyer is already more particular; this is partly the result of the many Soviet trading agreements with overseas countries. Tinned food from Mexico and Southeast Asia, Crème de Cacao from Czechoslovakia and pineapples which have obviously not been grown in Bessarabia, have suddenly turned up in the shops. Soviet cigars (five rubles apiece – 50 cents) are impossible, but Soviet smokers are hoping for an improvement as soon as Castro starts to deliver the goods.

A good deal could also be said about the service in many Soviet shops. The idea that the customer has

certain rights is quite unknown. There is much truth in what a high official, the Party Secretary of the district of Voronezh, wrote in *Ogonyok* recently: Some (meaning, many) employees in the shops behave as though they were suffering from an inferiority complex: the thought of having to serve customers does not please them and because they are not doing a productive job they imagine that they are not taken seriously. Whatever the psychological explanation may be, the Soviet customer is not to be envied, and in spite of the efforts which are now being made to improve the situation it may be many years before any real change takes place.

Moscow in the summer of 1960 is a city of prosperity. Measured by Western standards it is a modest sort of prosperity; it is hardly worth going into the official statements about the shortest working day and the highest standard of living. But the Soviet citizen does not measure by Western standards, he only knows that he is better off than he was a year ago and that in 1961 he will be able to buy even more for his money. This new wave of prosperity is not being enjoyed by all sections of the population to the same degree; where there is only one wage-earner in the family earning the average of 800 rubles (\$80) or less, there is not much evidence yet of progress. With a monthly income of 3,000 rubles (\$300) people begin dreaming of a small car, some go in for a poodle and many talk about wanting to lose weight.

The fact that women's fashions are now the thing in Moscow is hardly likely to soften the Soviet stand on Berlin. From a longer term point of view, however, developments in the social and economic field should certainly not be ignored, even though one is not a Marxist. Soviet reality is much more complex than the leading articles of *Pravda*, and official speeches and statements are not the only driving forces in Soviet society. Both are realities: the Russia of the Party and the ideology, and Soviet everyday life, which is in some ways quite different – there comes to mind the old distinction between the *pays légal* and the *pays réel*. Under Stalin the one was suppressed but it has never really ceased to exist.

There is a famous statement which Stalin made in the middle thirties: "Life has become easier and better, Comrades." That was shortly before the eruption of the great "purge" and the saying is still remembered as a bad joke. In 1960 Khrushchev can claim with greater truth that "they never had it so good" – as Macmillan did on the eve of the last British elections. After more than 40 years of deprivation many believe the good life is just around the corner. Just now, comparisons with the West are quite irrelevant; they may become important later on. Among Mr. Khrushchev's inexhaustible supply of old popular sayings, there must be one to the effect that the appetite grows while eating.

Politics Is for Other People

by Christopher Jencks

Not long ago in the course of discussing the anti-Kishi riots that had just occurred in Tokyo, a Japanese student turned to me and demanded, "And what do American students think of Eisenhower?" Clearly he expected an answer which would extend our comparisons of American and Japanese intellectuals to include student opinion on both sides of the Pacific. Indeed, he seemed to assume that in America, as in Japan, "students and intellectuals" could be lumped together as two battalions of a single company. When I explained that in America most students did not share the intellectuals' contempt for Eisenhower, he was surprised. When I went on to add that it was hardly possible to speak of American students' "thinking" anything whatever about Eisenhower, or even about politics, he was profoundly shocked.

In part his alarm stemmed from a confusion which he shared with many Americans. He assumed that everyone called a "student" is engaged in study, and therefore has an occupational interest in ideas and ideology. Such an assumption may be defensible in a country such as Japan, but in America it is unrealistic. Most of the people enrolled in our colleges are not "students," but simply "undergraduates," and they want very much to be transformed from "undergraduates" to "graduates," and hence initiated into the upper-middle class.

Yet even if one considers only the serious students, and ignores the proto-suburbanites who find Ike reassuring, one cannot help getting the impression that politics mean little to most young intellectuals. They may be sympathetic with charges such as Stevenson's that we are on the road to destruction, but they are far more reluctant than he to devote their time to changing our direction.

This well-known disengagement, more notable in America than abroad, and more notable in this generation than in the one preceding it, has provoked a variety of explanations, almost all uncomplimentary. Yet it may be that political apathy is actually a result of "success" rather than "failure," a tribute to the spread of higher education as an initiation rite for professional life. If there is one truth on which almost all educators would agree, it is probably that the world is an inordinately complicated place, all the parts of which no one man can understand. To achieve any understanding

whatever, the scholars argue, you must carefully limit the scope of your inquiry. Analogously, to achieve any kind of competence, you must limit the scope of your activities to some particular specialty which you master completely. Away with the generalists! The ideal of the Renaissance Man is thus replaced by the ideal of the Professional Man, and the modern world transformed accordingly. No longer do Americans believe that experts are useless impractical people, nor that any honest sensible fellow is fit for any normal job. Today experts are accepted everywhere, even by those who wish they were unnecessary.

In itself the spread of specialized knowledge would hardly account for political apathy. But the rise of the specialist brings a related transformation of attitudes toward work. The archetypal expert is concerned with a field so narrow that he, and he alone, can tell whether he is a genius or a charlatan. And while this somewhat ludicrous situation arises only in certain esoteric realms of research, its practical analogue is that almost all professions are too technical for laymen to evaluate, and demand appraisal by other professionals. Thus doctors are responsible to their colleagues rather than to their patients, and lawyers, professors, and engineers to a lesser extent likewise. Even businessmen seem to worry about earning the respect of their colleagues more than about earning dividends for anonymous stockholders.

Now in theory, it may be unfortunate that one area of life after another is delegated to a closed self-regulating clique, but in practice it is hard to prefer quacks who give remedies that impress their patients to doctors with professional consciences who give remedies approved by their colleagues. Similarly, it is difficult to raise serious objections to those businessmen who, intent on raising their status in one another's eyes, build beautiful but unprofitable offices to replace more economical eyesores, spend countless millions on often unrewarding research and education, or curtail misleading advertising because it gives them a bad name "in the trade."

At first glance the professionalization of politics seems equally desirable. Ever since Plato, well-intentioned men have urged government by experts, and equally well-intentioned men from Pericles to Khrushchev have implemented that gospel.

The unfortunate loss of rapport between governors and governed in such systems has, however, evoked an opposing theory: government by amateurs, sometimes

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS, himself a recent Harvard student, is now at the London School of Economics.

called democracy. (Twentieth Century usage seems to connect the term "democracy" with universal suffrage, but this is hardly consistent either with our habit of calling Athens a democracy, or with our refusal to call Russia one. Russia would be hardly more democratic if the minority who oppose Mr. K felt free to vote against him every few years.) Such amateur governments have assumed different forms. The Greeks experimented with choosing their leaders by lot, while the English have had part-time MP's, and have assigned Cabinet members to Ministries with little regard to previous experience. At least since 1828 Americans have also short-circuited expertise, making a wide variety of government jobs—including judgeships—elective, and thus opening them to men who lacked experience and competence but seemed *sympatique* to their peers. Likewise, in America, business and professional men have played an important role in both the selection of candidates and the passage of legislation, although of course such amateurs have always been resented by the political pros.

Yet this historic pattern of amateurism seems not to have dented the imagination of the younger generation. Students seem for the most part wrapped up in the increasingly complex and challenging problems of their chosen professions, and even when they have energy and time left over, they tend to assume that politics are an equally distant profession in which they have no place. The art of winning an election or passing legislation looks immensely complicated and forbidding to the outsider, and these students apparently have no inclination to make themselves insiders. After all, there are no recruiters from the Republican or Democratic Parties on the campus offering attractive internships to talented young people. Instead, political parties are represented by undergraduate clubs whose major activity is squabbling for personal ascendancy.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that even young idealists do not usually seem convinced that politics are important. Many say they worry about the Bomb, and some are prepared to make an effort in behalf of civil rights or civil liberties. But the day-to-day business of politics, which seems to them to consist of deciding how much money to spend on what, has little appeal. Indeed, the whole notion of social reform through political revision seems rather silly to a generation raised on Freud instead of Marx. Whereas before 1945, law was the "public profession," attracting those who wanted a hand in shaping the future, now science and scholarship seem to lure such men.

Of course this may not be a total loss to politics, since such academics seem to find their way into government, both as civil servants and as elected officials. (Indeed, the choice of an academic rather than a legal career may indicate not a rejection of politics, but simply a feeling that scholarship will be a more fruitful

intermediate stepping-stone than law.) But my point is that few young people are self-confident enough to plan their careers in terms of politics, and academic life seems to fit with their other hopes, offering alternative private utopias if the public ones fail to materialize—a happy marriage, successful children, intimate friendships, and perhaps absorbing work rather than great causes. Few of these recruits would admit that their vision of the good life requires an attempt to make life better for others as well, but many nurture such hopes privately and turn to research to realize their ambitions while leaving the door open to a more public career.

These observations, I admit, hardly suffice to explain the complete indifference of most college students to political events, for if disillusion with political utopianism or the spread of education as an initiation rite for professional life were sufficient reasons, then you would expect to find similar indifference in English universities. However, the similarity between England and America is limited. True, English undergraduates, like Americans, do not feel that as students they can or should play much direct role in politics. They do not riot or snake dance through the streets or attempt to influence elections or other adult affairs. Both England and America thus resemble each other in having tamed their students, making them all in some sense "mere undergraduates." But here the resemblance ends, for while English undergraduates do not participate in politics, they are hardly indifferent to them. The Oxford Union, for example, stages well-attended debates which mirror both the parliamentary procedure and the rhetorical content of future debates in the House of Commons. Such a ritual would be absurd in America, both because there are no Congressional debates, and because no American undergraduate would admit to fancying himself as a future Congressman. There may have been a time when every young boy dreamed of living in the White House, but such dreams have long since evaporated in the cynical political "realism" which permeates contemporary college campuses. Whereas the sensitive and intelligent English undergraduate can imagine that the skills he learns at the university might win him parliamentary glory, the American student can find no political dialogue in which to participate vicariously, either in Congress or the press. Instead of imagining that his political career depends on ability to out-argue his opponent, or to out-do his opponent's proposals, the American student assumes that success would depend on ability to make the right friends, and knife the right enemies. Fraternity membership seems better preparation for politics than political science.

Are the students right? Or are they the victims of a vast self-deception—underestimating the importance of political decisions, and overestimating the obstacles to their influencing such decisions?

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

What Made Stimson Great

by Charles Burton Marshall

Henry L. Stimson was born 93 years ago this September 21. His father was in finance but, having small liking for Wall Street, was soon to leave it for the study and practice of medicine. The mother died when Henry was eight. He and a younger sister went to live with grandparents and were looked after mainly by a maiden aunt, though

*Henry Lewis Stimson
and the Constant Revolution*
by Elting E. Morison
(Houghton, Mifflin; \$7.50)

the boy remained on exceptionally close terms with his father. At 13 he went off to Andover and at 17 to Yale, where he made Skull and Bones. In an interval in the Far West he learned to defend himself with a gun. For two years he was a successful student at Harvard Law School, but he withdrew in 1891 to read law in an office. In 1893 he became a junior partner at \$2,000 a year in the law firm of Elihu Root. Root became a source of counsel and friendship second only to his father. In the same year marriage to a New Haven girl consummated an ambiguous courtship prolonged from Yale days. The young man settled down to a hemmed-in life of a diligent and impeccable New York lawyer specializing in corporate practice.

Life took a new turn when Stimson, nearing 40, accepted appointment as US District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. He came late to public service but stayed long. Save for occasional lapses into private practice of law, his time, thought and energies for the following four decades were commanded by public duties. At his death ten years ago we lost one of our all-time great public servants.

His career, already related from Stimson's viewpoint through a third person

in MacGeorge Bundy's *On Active Service in Peace and War*, is now set forth in standard biographical form in Elting E. Morison's *Henry Lewis Stimson and the Constant Revolution*, a thorough study based on the Stimson papers and extensive interviewing. The former book dealt only implicitly with the components of Stimson's greatness. The new book dwells upon them explicitly.

Stimson's hold on fame was surely not a result of genius for success. In his one essay into competitive politics as Republican nominee for the New York governorship in 1910, he ran well down on a beaten ticket, thereby missing what he hoped might be a stepping stone to the presidency. A 1915 referendum wiped out the results of his efforts for constitutional reform in New York. A mission as diplomatic agent to pacify Nicaragua and extricate the United States from embarrassments there and a tour as Governor General at Manila in Coolidge's time were moderately productive, but things went badly during his tenure as Hoover's Secretary of State. His private plea for a veto of the Smoot-Hawley tariff was disregarded. The moratorium proved inadequate to stem the world economic debacle. His efforts for United States adherence to the World Court statute were frustrated. His plans for taking the United States collaterally into a system of collective security at the time of the Manchurian crisis were dismally futile. "I make no claim to the verdict of history," Stimson told a State Department subordinate, "but I do hope that those of you who are in the Department will realize all I was able to accomplish with a pacifist President." Between Hoover and him there was respect but no warmth. Hoover was to express regret for not having appointed someone else at State. Once counting up Stimson's shortcomings as Secretary of State, Hoover added musingly, "Still he de-

serves a better reputation than the one he washed out with."

Style and flair were not among Stimson's gifts. In his one candidacy he proved too proud or too modest to solicit the electorate and so talked over the voters' heads. He was not eloquent or clever and lacked talent and zest for small talk and humor. He and Mrs. Stimson scarcely even tried to be at ease in large company. Interest in literature and the performing arts passed him by. Perhaps he was narrow. Friends who obtained divorces were thenceforth denied his hospitality. As an old Bones man, he sternly lectured some younger members found cutting up aboard ship during an Atlantic crossing.

There was, he once said, an outside nature, properly brought up, that shuddered at any demonstration of the workings of the inner nature. Yet he wept in receiving the salute of a passing naval vessel during World War II. He sometimes indulged in self-pity and nursed along rheumatism, gastroenteritis, and insomnia in a hypochondriacal way, but he drove himself unsparingly even as an elderly Secretary of War in World War II. He at first was cold to Joseph Stillwell for the China assignment because he had once seen the general with head bowed in relaxation at his desk.

This introspective and exacting man, ever on guard against the careless moment, was laced into the stiffness of a departed century and a Calvinist background and never compromised with freer times and ways. "When you think of him," someone said, "you think of words that are the sport of cynics, like 'duty' and 'service'. Through his career the 'Stern Daughter of the Voice of God' has stood by his elbow laying on him the compulsion she laid on men of old."

The result was what Theodore Roosevelt called in him a "truculent integrity." As Taft's Secretary of War he broached court-martial proceedings against a powerful and recalcitrant Adjutant General of the Army to vindicate

civilian supremacy and to save the new General Staff concept from sabotage by the entrenched service bureaus. In World War I, already 50, he scorned staff opportunities and sought combat duty as an artilleryman. He stood by the League when it was a losing issue. Even Franklin Roosevelt's wilfulness and charm failed to daunt him, and he proved to be the most stubborn and contentious spirit in the World War II Cabinet, protesting all the way against the President's "topsy-turvy, upside down system of poor administration." As an invalid nearing the end, he raised a public challenge against McCarthyism. Insights went along with courage—for example in his early perceptions of the tragic potential of atomic energy, in the development of which he had a central part, and of the folly of projects for a vengeful post-war program for Germany and Japan. "When you punish your dog," he said to President Truman, "you don't keep souring on him all day after the punishment is over."

Was Stimson too confident of his own dutifulness? This question of a blind side rises from his ready conveyance of blame to subordinates and seeming obliviousness of his own omissions in the Pearl Harbor debacle. Morison does not settle the question.

Stimson was never better than in a lecture on leadership to Hoover, then

shying away from the World Court issue, as cited by Morrison: "Human affairs, [Stimson] said, were 'not like building a bridge'—not every stress could be projected and calculated; 'in the movement of great currents of human opinions . . . you could make your plans only for a certain distance.' Any effort 'to foresee it all' led to an appearance of timidity and vacillation. From the law and the Army, he went on, he had found that 'In case of doubt . . . march toward the guns'."

Morison says, summing up: "What his generation called the better element had neither the right nor the privilege of seeking by compulsion and restraint to make all men better in the same way. This element had, however, the obligation to demonstrate wherein it was better, to prove its truth by its endeavor, and it had the positive duty to strive to make a world that others would find better than the one they were living in. In private and in public, this is what the life of Henry L. Stimson was about."

What separates the men from the boys in politics—to borrow a phrase from Eric Sevareid—is that the men use authority for what they want to do and the boys seek it for what they wish to be. Stimson, a rock-ribbed but not iron-headed conservative, was indeed a man—a breed that is missed now with so many boys around.

his booty into consciousness.

The Nephew, like *Malcolm*, Purdy's earlier novel, has a farcical surface, but his picture of life in "Rainbow Center" (what a potty name for an American small town!) is pervaded beneath the comic accuracy of speech by a deep despair and boredom. The plot concerns the unravelling of the life, or rather, its meaning, of the nephew, Cliff, the "boy missing in Korea," and of his connections with his ancient aunt and uncle and the other people of a stagnant Midwestern town.

But the plot is a mere excuse for a curious parody of a Norman Rockwell illustration or an Edgar Lee Masters poem. Talk of custard pies ("Nobody, not even our Mother, could have made a better crust than this") is succeeded by talk of the great issue of life in the American Midwest now that the dust bowl and farm price supports seem to have receded in the American imagination: "'They were homosexuals,' she said." Knitted together of interlocked anecdotes and archetypal figures, there are the foreign professor, formerly concupiscent, now senile, the real estate dealer, the unhappy school teacher skinnified by lost love, and a host of grumbling old folks; there is secret alcoholism, Christian Science, and class resentment; there is young Cliff, hiding in the wings, with his life both banal and mysterious. An accident occurs while hanging up "Old Glory" on Decoration Day. Hands are pressed together in silent understanding. Vladimir Nabokov seems to have been translating Edgar Lee Masters from the original Swedish into his native American.

Although the manifest action has to do with digging up the real life of Cliff, the dialogue, observation, and even more, the dreamy horror of the prose provide the actual subject. Like Nabokov in *Lolita*, Purdy is pervaded by a hopeless, witty, intelligent nostalgia. He *expects*, but does not dare define just what it is he expects from life. He only finds that "we, none of us, know anybody or know one another."

This familiar insight is not enough, and the sudden revelation of "love" is not enough, and the flash of oddball satire is not really enough, either. Of talent and prose pressure James Purdy has enough. Now he needs to find a compelling action for all this devilled-away feeling.

Dame Edith Was Right

by Herbert Gold

James Purdy began to make his reputation with some stories first successfully published in England, where the praise for him had that overripe odor that characterizes a peculiar subdepartment of British enthusiasm for minor American writers. Dame Edith Sitwell, as I re-

right after all. We generally find other people's dreams boring, unless we happen to be in them; this is because the interior connections, which fascinate the dreamer, are rarely communicated when he retells the dream the next day. A poet, however, makes these connections clear; or at least, makes us long to enter the puzzle; this is the difference between a mere dream and a story.

Purdy, like Kafka, tells dreams which turn out to be stories and at the same time retain their fretful, oppressive dream quality. With all their subdividing and subtlety of mood and observation, wit and document, they are very close to the origins of literature in dreamlife. Purdy seems to cross over into the dream world and carry back

call, found James Purdy very much . . . ; and so did John Lehmann and Sir Toby Belch. But the stories themselves, when they finally appeared in this country in the collection *Color of Darkness*, emanated a hard harsh radiance and it turned out that Dame Edith had been

The Nephew

by James Purdy

(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy; \$3.95)

A New and Bitter Bemelmans

by Susan M. Black

When we hear that a summit conference is to be held, some of us believe that the world's leaders will confer. When told that a Pulitzer Prize for fiction is to be awarded, some of us expect it to be given to a well-written book. When informed that a new novel by Ludwig Bemelmans has been published, some of us expect it to be gay and en-

Are You Hungry Are You Cold
by Ludwig Bemelmans
(World: \$3.95)

chanting. Which just goes to show that life is full of disappointments.

Are You Hungry Are You Cold is a sad and disenchanted work. Mr. Bemelmans' tale is told by the heroine (his idea of one, not mine), a nameless French army brat, who is growing up (or at any rate growing older) shortly before, during and after the Second

World War. Papa, first a Colonel, later a General, is always a martinet and a militarist of the lowest order. Mama is a chilly Spanish aristocrat, "a poor woman, who understood less of me than a cow does about Sunday."

Our girl amuses herself in many appealing ways. At a convent school to which she has been sent she burns down a building, almost kills a despised fellow boarder by putting her under ether and painting her body the colors of the rainbow, does a parade nude before a priest in an attempt to seduce him. Elsewhere she throws a cactus plant at Papa and breaks his military stick. The unhappy surprise of it all is that the author seems to be enlisting our sympathy for her. Now it is true that convent, classmate, priest and Papa are repulsive. It is also true that our juvenile delinquent has a touch of the poet; as the convent burned, "I stood there making the same face as the others, looking at the fire, and I thought one thing — they don't even know that it is beautiful." But when, together with her brother and two friends (the children of another unloving Army couple and birds of her feather) she discovers that a baby's head will give like a rubber ball when squeezed and so they squeeze it often, well. . . . The author says simply, "He (the baby) did not cry, he smiled happily, and he died a few years later." And I say that Bemelmans has moved from the fantastic to the grotesque, from naughty to the nightmare.

When Bemelmans sets aside a few pages on which to be Bemelmans (at this he is still expert) and stops writing à la Françoise Sagan there are some wonderful moments. There are some nicely sketched minor characters (a Spanish count, an elderly French priest, a Nazi cook); some first rate word pictures (the barn in which the animals — and the nursemaids and the soldiers — make love; the kitchen in which the cook makes Schnitzel); some amusing information (a glossary of military swear words and a collection of the latest French argot; a recipe for fancy fishballs; a discussion of Waterloo, lost

by Napoleon because of hemorrhoids rather than rain).

The improbable plot (e.g. our heroine is raped, so naturally she decides she loves her attacker for the time being; the attacker goes off to war in Indo-China and returns with half his face blown off, so naturally she loves him forever) is reinforced by two themes. The first is the sad consequences of parental love. One of the four youthful principals dies immediately after his father voices concern for him for the first time in his life; another's death could have been avoided "if fathers talked to their children." The narrator says that "Papa was better with animals. If he had been as good to us as he was with horses and dogs, we would have had a glorious life." Which brings me to the second: an animal has a happier life than a human. In one passage Bemelmans shows how the slaughtered pig is better off than the butcher. In another, the scene is a bullfight and the author asks us to "reflect for a moment — that bull down there has had a marvelous life up to now; now he has fifteen minutes of misery and then it's over. That's not bad as life goes — I'd settle for that." It is not only those youths whose credo is wordless violence, whose world has been botched for them by their parents and whose wish is to be able to run away from tomorrow, who sound joyless. The above statement was made to and not by our *enfant terrible*.

Nations as well as individuals sound dismal. Germans are put in this world like a catalyst, to create a disturbance and stir things up, a pattern which exists in the animal world among insects such as the hunter wasp and the tarantula. A sadder interpretation of the consequences of the Hungarian uprising I have seen in no newspaper. One wonders what has got into Bemelmans.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Charles Burton Marshall is a member of the Washington Center of Foreign Research and Alumni Visiting Professor at the University of North Carolina. Herbert Gold is a prominent young American novelist. His newest book, *Therefore Be Bold*, will be published this month by the Dial Press.

ON NBC RADIO
COAST TO COAST

Hear

A. A. Berle

Former Under Secretary
of State

"A TIME FOR LIBERAL
LEADERSHIP"

On Thursday, October 6
7:45-8:00 P.M. (EST)*

Sponsored by

International Ladies'
Garment Workers' Union
Campaign Committee

*Check local newspaper radio listing
for broadcast time in your area.

MOVIES

The Stars in their Courses

As they do with governments, countries usually get the film stars they deserve. Marilyn Monroe and Sophia Loren, each of whom now appears in a film comedy well-tailored for her, are good examples. To see both in one week, as I did, is inescapably to compare them not only as women and actresses but as national evocations. Although each lady has a big international audience, each seems to represent what her compatri-

It Started In Naples
(Paramount)
Let's Make Love
(20th Century-Fox)

ots, male and female, consider desirable in woman.

Miss Loren, as she often tells us in her American films with flashing eyes and hand flung toward heaven, is "Eetahlian." Which is not to say that you can see anyone like her in Italy. But she embodies what might be called the travel-poster virtues. In her, as in the travel literature, no defects are apparent.

In Miss Loren there is no murderous hate of the poor by the rich: no time-hallowed vulgarity: no neurotically exaggerated fear of sickness and death. What is Sophia, who is she? She is sunlight, she is hearty warmth, she is great contentment with Simple Things, she is song and laughing dance, she is free-hearted love that yet is never depraved. The wonder is that, although she could not possibly exist, there she is: existing. She is not fake.

On the other hand no one can ever believe that Miss Monroe really exists. She is a figment, carefully synthesized by her own shrewd mind and those of her advisers. And it is curious that while Miss Loren embodies Italian strengths, Miss Monroe seems to have been devised to embody American weaknesses. No flawless Juno this, but, in the tradition of Jean Harlow, lots of flesh and not too fussy. A hushed, unreal voice made for dark back-seats of cars. Not a mate but a protectorate. A girl to wheedle up against you and ask

for expensive things. . . . so that you'll go out to be a success in life. Oh, there is good humor and some self-mockery, but it is always implicit mockery of you, too, for being fascinated by her.

Of course she is no more a complete picture, in her negative way, of American womanhood than Miss Loren, in a positive way, is of *Italia femminile*. But, with Miss Monroe, the account need not be balanced by listing American woman's virtues. Every male reader must be aware of them, if not married to them. And no female reader needs reminding.

As to their performances, ease and abandon are the keystones of Miss Loren's, caution and studied effect are the notes of Miss Monroe's. Miss Loren is a large, excellently proportioned woman with a face of *farouche* beauty and with Etruscan eyes. She is an actress of respectable competence and, in comedy, is distinguished by her explosive high spirits. She makes us feel that she loves being large, beautiful, and in the movies, that she loves the men who want her and the women who admire her. You are convinced that if they fished her out of a swamp and shoved her in front of a camera, she would photograph with the same electric beauty. Her two songs in this picture are less songs than romps. Hollywood has corseted her figuratively and literally, but the happy animal still breaks loose.

Miss Monroe, however, is an actress of abysmally little talent. She exudes an air of caution and contrivance, of concern with angles and lighting, with re-takes, coaching, souping up of the baseless voice by vigilant engineers. She seems all put together; but one of the secrets of her success is that—to counter-act this synthetic feeling—the character which she and her advisers have chosen to create is a rather sloppy girl. She is not a heavy vamp; she is an innocent trollop who seemingly doesn't know as she walks toward you that her pneumatic equipment is jiggling wildly 'neath the cardigan; and so she is often

FROM  DOUBLEDAY
ANCHOR BOOKS

American Strategy for the Nuclear Age

Edited by Walter F. Hahn & John C. Neff. A comprehensive view of foreign policy, by 34 noted experts. *Anchor Original* \$1.45

Soviet Short Stories

Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Selections from eighteen writers in stories published from 1922 to 1959. *Anchor Original* \$1.45

Culture and Society, 1780 - 1950

Raymond Williams. A critical history of the concept of "culture" as it developed in England from 1780 to 1950. \$1.45

From Shakespeare to Existentialism

Walter Kaufmann. This volume on poetry, religion and philosophy contains many original interpretations of major figures. \$1.45

Small Town in Mass Society:

**Class, Power, and Religion
in a Rural Community**

Arthur J. Vidich and Joseph Bensman. Detailed description of the inner workings of a small town in upper New York State. \$1.45

Brand

Henrik Ibsen. A new translation of a powerful but seldom performed verse play. Introduction by W. H. Auden. Translated by Michael Meyer. *Anchor Original* 95c

When We Dead Awaken

and Three Other Plays

Henrik Ibsen. New translations by Michael Meyer, including *The Master Builder*, *John Gabriel Borkman* and *The Lady from the Sea*. *Anchor Original* \$1.45

At all booksellers

Send for complete list of paperbacks and college-interest books to

DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS
575 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.

entertaining. But she is rarely credible, even in her "serious" performances like that in *Bus Stop*, and her effect is aided by the consciousness of extrinsic publicity that the audience brings with it.

As to their new films, they are both based on comic ideas dug up from the grave but fairly well revived. Miss Loren's *It Started in Naples* is about an American man and an Italian woman brought together by mutual concern for a child. The Technicolor shows us ageless Naples and Capri and aging Clark Gable. Happily Vittorio de Sica is on hand, as a lawyer, to grace the picture. Melville Shavelson's direction is far from flawless; Miss Loren's first entrance and the final scene could have been much better staged and photographed. But if you can abide Gable, and evidently millions can, you can have a good nonsensical time at the film.

Miss Monroe's comedy is based on the idea (in 1960!) of a billionaire concealing his identity and wealth in order to woo a poor girl. In this case she is a singer in an off-Broadway revue (more lavish here, of course, than some Broadway shows), and he gets a job in the cast to be near her. The film's chief attraction is Yves Montand, the billionaire, who is clearly going to add a new flavor to the American screen. His face is craggy, his manner self-confident, strong, humorous, his talents many and appealing. Let the faithful pray that he won't allow himself to be "packaged," that he won't have a few of his qualities emphasized, wrapped in cellophane, and merchandised in a series of similar pictures: in short, that he will insist on playing a range of parts to the fullest of his ability and personality.

George Cukor has directed in his plush, experienced way, but comedy is not his genius. Billy Wilder would have got more out of the scene in which the girl discovers who the man is. The film is not as consistently entertaining as Miss Loren's and has little of the infectious quality. And the script includes the Oldest Living Joke:

"Boy, call me a taxi."

"O.K., you're a taxi."

But it makes Miss Monroe pleasantly available to her fans, and it presents Mr. Montand. The scene in which Milton Berle teaches him how to be a comic is first-rate knockabout fun.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Libido at Large

It has been suggested that in *The Hostage* Brendan Behan is trying to "open up the stage," but this is an understatement. He would like to hack the stage to bits, crunch the proscenium across his knees, trample the scenery underfoot, and throw debris wildly in all directions. Like his various prototypes — Jack Falstaff, Harpo Marx, W.

The Hostage
by Brendan Behan
Cort Theater

C. Fields, and Dylan Thomas — Behan is pure Libido on a rampage, mostly in its destructive phase; and if he has not achieved the Dionysian purity of those eminent anarchists, he is still a welcome presence in our sanctimonious times. In America, comedy went underground (i.e. turned "sick") when the various humane societies built a protective wall around mankind, for an art form based on uninhibited abandon and open aggression cannot long survive the Anti-Defamation League, the NAACP, the Legion of Decency, and McCall's Togetherness, not to mention those guardians of cultural virtues who now review theater, movies, and TV for the newspapers. But Behan seems to have crossed the Atlantic without any significant accommodation to American tastes, outside of an abrupt conversion from whiskey to homogenized milk.

For the dramatic bludgeon he has installed at the Cort is now flailing indiscriminately at everything in sight, including the British Empire, the IRA, the Catholic Church, the Protestant clergy, the army, the police, the FBI, and the DAR. What these disparate organizations have in common is their orthodoxy: Behan is waging total war on all social institutions excepting brothels and distilleries. But though destructive Libido can be the source of a lot of fun, it is hardly an organizing principle, so the author's assault on order leaves his play almost totally lacking in dramatic logic. Its substance is taped together with burlesque routines, Irish reels, bar-

room ballads, and outrageous gags (some old, some new, some borrowed, but all "blue"), while its scarecrow plot is just a convenient appendage on which to hang a string of blasphemous howlers. "This is a serious play!" screams a dour, baleful, humorless IRA officer after a typical irreverency. But he convinces nobody. *The Hostage* is neither serious nor even a play. It is a roaring vaudeville turn, too disordered to support any more than a wink of solemnity.

Nevertheless, the plot — which is exhausted the moment you sum it up — does seem serious in its basic outline. Set in a Dublin brothel in modern times, the action revolves around the kidnapping, and ultimate death, of a young English soldier, taken by the IRA because the British are going to execute a Belfast revolutionary. This promises an Irish political drama, and one can easily imagine how O'Casey might have interpreted the same situation. The brothel would become a symbolic Temple of Love, Life, and the Dance; the prostitutes would be "pagan girls" with ample bosoms and free, sensual natures; the comic characters would emerge as personifications of bigotry, indifference, and selfishness; the death of the boy would be an occasion for commentary on the victimization of the innocent by war; and the play would probably conclude with a vision of a better life to come.

But while Behan has turned to O'Casey for his plot outline, he does not share O'Casey's weakness for adolescent sexuality or utopian social communities. In his illogical, irresponsible view of society, in fact, he comes much closer to Ionesco; in his technique and treatment of low life, closer to the early Brecht. His whores are tough, funny, breezy hookers; the brothel is a sleazy dive run exclusively for profit ("Money is the best religion . . . and the best politics"); and the boy's death is followed immediately by his inexplicable resurrection for a final song ("Oh death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling"). As for

the comics – a grotesque gallery which includes a madam and her “ponce” winging standup jokes at each other in the manner of a minstrel show; a religious eccentric goosed in the middle of her hymn by an ex-Postal clerk with a sanctified air and roaming fingers; and two pansies named Rio Rita and Princess Grace (“That’s only my name in religion”) – they are on stage primarily for what they can contribute to the general mayhem. For Behan’s theme is “Nobody loves you like yourself,” and his brothel is simply one of the last refuges of privacy where a man can pursue his pleasures and have his laughs.

On the other hand, the poignancy and desperation of the humor aptly illustrate the growing shakiness of this position as the private world becomes more and more circumscribed. Generously spread throughout the play are topical references which change with the latest newspaper headlines (a Russian sailor off the *Baltica* is now one of the customers in the house), anxious glances in the direction of the H-bomb (“It’s such a big bomb it’s after making me scared of little bombs”), and melodious admonitions to Khrushchev, Eisenhower, and Macmillan (“Don’t muck about, don’t muck about, don’t muck about the moon”). The forces gathering outside the brothel have now become so overwhelming that they cannot be ignored; and the violence behind Behan’s farcical attitudes reveals his impotent frustration at being involuntarily implicated in the frightening activities of the great powers.

Joan Littlewood’s production works hard to preserve all the wilder values of this vaudeville whirligig. The company, which has been mostly imported from her theater workshop in England, is an excellent one – in the cases of Avis Bunnage, Alfred Lynch, and Patience Collier sometimes even inspired. But while Miss Littlewood has developed the appropriate Epic style, and has scrupulously tried to avoid gentility, I still don’t think I’ve really seen the play. Perhaps English actors cannot suppress their instinctive good manners, for while the production rolls along with admirable speed and efficiency, it lacks robustness, coarseness, and true spontaneity. But then only a troupe of bur-

lesque comics endowed with the brutal wit of Simon Dedalus and the shameless vulgarity of Aristophanes could hope to catch the proper tone of this sidwinding improvisation. It is an open question whether *The Hostage* belongs on the legitimate stage at all, but considering that Minsky’s is out of business I am very glad to have it there. Its careless laughter is like a sound out of the past, and Behan’s paean to unconditioned man is a wholesome antidote to what Orwell called “the smelly little orthodoxies that are now contending for our souls.”

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Dissent from Dissent on Cuba

Sirs:

It is difficult to offer a critique of an article as soundly written as Samuel Shapiro’s *Cuba: A Dissenting Report* (Sept. 9). Throughout, the article is solid and scholarly: it is far better than any other story I have seen on modern Cuba and gives current developments splendid treatment.

Yet there are certain points which should be noted. It is incorrect to imply that US firms have been guilty of tax evasion when they refuse to accept tax assessed evaluations for property confiscated by the Cuban Government. Quite to the contrary, US firms historically paid their Cuban taxes, which often made them the laughing stock of their Cuban competitors. And property assessment for tax purposes is notoriously below market value here in the United States as well as in Cuba.

Mr. Shapiro’s most glaring failure to reason out an economic situation, however, is in his analysis of the oil situation. Actually, our oil companies were on very strong moral grounds, and it is simply unfortunate that the economic break came in the field of oil supply. Our international oil history may make us wince, but there is no need to apologize for the activity of the major oil companies in Cuba.

It is specious to say that the Cubans do not want elections. Batista destroyed local political structures and national elections are impossible. They will

have significance only if they stem from responsible local developments. And here is where the Castro Administration has failed. If elections were contemplated even two years away, then it would now be necessary to begin the formation of political parties on a local level. This has not been done. And Mr. Shapiro fails to note that the local Communist Party is the *only* party permitted to function normally.

Cuba has never been considered a “low cost paradise.” The most cursory checkup on living costs in Havana for residents or tourists would have shown that costs approximate those of any East Coast town in the United States. Nor was Batista’s *madrugón* of March 10, 1952, a month before elections, as the elections were set for June of that year. And, finally, who told Mr. Shapiro that *bohios* were “squalid?” I doubt that Frank Lloyd Wright could have designed a more functional type residence for the beautiful Cuban climate. If the floors are dirt, they are clean, and the covered porch (with the inevitable potted flowers) always has a tile floor. That is where the family spent most of its time anyway, looking across the wonderful Cuban vista. There are worse ways of living that are still not “squalid.”

My principal disappointment with Mr. Shapiro lies, of course, in his failure even to mention the *Times of Havana* which my brother Carl E. Moore and I publish in Havana. The *Times* is pertinent to his story. Mr. Shapiro’s remarks about the December, 1958, visit of Senator Ellender to Cuba could only have been gleaned from the *Times*. Henry Goethals of our staff wrote a straight, forthright story, while the subsidized press universally headlined Ellender’s support of the regime. And in that same issue of December 13, 1958, the *Times of Havana* carried an editorial “Spokesman for Whom?” which slapped at Ellender and suggest-

What are Civil Rights? What are States’ Rights?

Read

CIVIL RIGHTS AND STATES’ RIGHTS

by June Purcell Guild

\$2 from Virginia NAACP
404½ No. 2nd St., Richmond, Va.

ed he had no right to leave the impression in Cuba that the United States thought the way he did. The strong words of the editorial were used over the then rebel radio as an indication of the way Americans really felt.

Mr. Shapiro's report that 17 out of 18 papers took subsidies is true if he means daily papers but it is a shame to omit the *Times*. Even more of a shame since the official citation from the Inter-American Press Association reported that only two papers, *Prensa Libre* and the *Times*, had refused Batista aid. *Prensa Libre* has now become a government mouthpiece; its former editor, Jorge Zayas, went into exile and has written many stories for the US press. A *Times* political columnist, Carlos Todd, normally refers to it as *Prensa Esclava* (Slave Press). This leaves the *Times* as the only real independent

voice in Cuba, proud but ever thinner. We applaud when we feel that applause is warranted and attack when we think attack is necessary. Some subscribers have cancelled subscriptions charging that we have been too pro-Castro, others because we have been too anti-Castro. Although the *Times* has been held up on the television screen and branded as counter revolutionary by commentator Pardo Llada (whom we frequently identify as Ivan Pardo Llada), we have never had a word of complaint or protest from the Cuban government.

Our employees never subjected us to the hated footnote or *coletilla*, and there is a fine morale in the printshop. Last month in an office checker-tournament, most of our carrier boys took part, and Americans who are connected with the paper enjoy the warmest personal relationships with their Cuban counterparts. We simply operate as any newspaper should: integrity of operation means freedom from government pressure of any kind. Thus far, we can still stand on that statement.

During most of the last two years of the Batista regime there was a censor in our shop on press day. Yet Milton Guss (a former editor now with *The Washington Daily News*) frequently eluded censorship by his novel tactics that always made each issue of the *Times* interesting cocktail conversation. For example, when the dictator Perez Jimenez fled Venezuela, the story was carefully scanned by every Batista censor. At the *Times* we had a tall picture of Perez Jimenez standing elegantly in uniform. When the censor left, Guss simply put the picture sideways at the top of the page and headed it "Perez Jimenez Falls on Face" and the whole city enjoyed it.

As publishers of *The Times of Havana*, Carl and I feel that we have an honest newspaper and that we will not be shutdown, although declining advertising from a dwindling private business community may sink us. We simply put out a paper with candor and feel that a letter like this (which will surely be read by persons in authority) will not affect our position.

Mr. Shapiro's analysis of the press situation is sound and he has the wisdom not to try to see through to the end of this hectic experiment. It is ob-

viously unwise to relate the development of history too closely to one's own economic position. People will soon forget the few who got caught in Cuba's wringer but they will not soon forget the colossal impact Castroism has had on Latin America.

Clarence E. Moore, Publisher
Times of Havana

Sirs:

I have read Shapiro's report with emotion and applause. It is one of the best reports on Cuba that have been published in this country anywhere. You and Mr. Shapiro have my admiration and respect. Only publications like yours with reports written by intelligent, qualified and learned writers like Mr. Shapiro are presenting to the misinformed American public the real and honest-to-goodness story of the present crisis between the USA and the country in which I was born and educated.

Enrique Noble
Assoc. Prof. of Spanish
Goucher College

Sirs:

At last *The New Republic* has broken its silence with the outstanding piece on Cuba by Samuel Shapiro! Professor Shapiro does much to correct the flood of warped, malicious, and myopic comment on Cuba which has filled our newspapers and journals for the past several years. The revolution is not a tragedy to be "contained" by tactful diplomacy; it is a wonderful victory for the Cuban people, to be cheered and aided in every possible way. We deserve to be hated by Castro, and it is a tribute to the Cubans that they have not turned on us more violently. Only after we have worked as hard for their welfare in the coming years as we worked for their misery in years past will we have a right to expect their good will. Congratulations on a fine article.

Robert Paul Wolff
Instructor in Philosophy
Harvard University

Sirs:

Among other assertions relating to me in Professor Shapiro's article "Cuba" in your issue of September 12, 1960 he stated and you published that:

"Gardner's successor, Earl E. T.

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management and circulation of *The New Republic* published weekly except in the summer when we omit four issues, for October 3, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, Gilbert A. Harrison, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Editor, Gilbert A. Harrison, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Managing Editor, Helen Fuller, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Business manager: None.

2. The owners are:

Harrison-Blaine, Inc., 233 Broadway, New York, New York.

Anne B. Harrison, 3556 Macomb St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 31,294. (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.)

Signature of editor and publisher
GILBERT A. HARRISON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1960.

BERTHA S. LEHMAN, NPDC.

My commission expires September 14, 1964.

Smith, owed his appointment largely to John Hay Whitney, Republican national campaign treasurer and a large stockholder in Freeport Sulphur. One of the new Ambassador's first acts was to negotiate a substantial tax reduction for Freeport's Cuban subsidiary, the Moa Bay Mining Company."

This is a clear and grave charge that I employed my official position and influence as US Ambassador to Cuba for the private profit of the Moa Bay Mining Company. This is utterly untrue. Professor Shapiro should have known this to be false for as early as January 15, 1959, the State Department through the US Embassy in Cuba issued a release stating that:

"In response to inquiries, the American Embassy announces that neither the State Department nor the American Embassy ever intervened during the negotiations of the new industry concessions granted by the Cuban Government to Moa Bay Mining Company in August 1957. *Negotiations were completed in July 1957, before Ambassador Smith's arrival in Cuba, and the subsequent decree granting the concessions was published in August 1957.*"

I shall not make particular reference to the other remarks about me in the article. Their accuracy may well be measured in the light of the above.

Earl E. T. Smith
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Shapiro's article on Cuba states that one of the first acts of Earl E. T. Smith, former US Ambassador to Cuba, was "to negotiate a substantial tax reduction" for our Cuban subsidiary and that "thereafter Smith accepted all of Batista's promises about civil liberty and free elections at face value..."

Unfortunately Mr. Shapiro is misinformed. Our subsidiary, which hoped to develop long unused Cuban nickel-cobalt ores, applied for new-industry tax status in Cuba in July 1956. This tax treatment, designed to stimulate the creation of new industries, came under a principle of law predating Batista and honored by Castro. Our application was approved in substance in July 1957, and

a decree was subsequently published in the Official Gazette. As the US Embassy in Havana stated on January 15, 1959, "neither the State Department nor the American Embassy ever intervened during the negotiations." Ambassador Smith had nothing whatever to do with the matter and in fact did not even come to Cuba until July 1957.

Since so many misunderstandings already exist between Cuba and the United States, I hope that you will see that the record is made straight on at least this point. J. C. Carrington
Freeport Sulphur Co.
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Neither the Batista Government nor Moa Bay officials ever made public the details of the special tax treatment granted the company. In view of the extremely cordial relations that existed between Ambassadors Gardner and Smith and the dictatorship, documented at great length in such books as Jules Dubois' *Fidel Castro*, it is most difficult to believe that the subject was never brought up. As Mr. Carrington himself indicates, the tax reduction was held up for over a year, and though approved "in substance" in July, 1957, the month of Ambassador Smith's arrival in Havana, did not actually go into effect until some time later; furthermore, the tax cut could have been withdrawn at any time. The specific charge that Ambassador Smith used his influence on behalf of Moa Bay was made in a special number of *Bohemia*, something of a Cuban equivalent of *Life*, in January, 1959. Ambassador Smith resigned on January 10 after seeing an advance copy but before the issue went on sale. The statement Ambassador Smith and Mr. Carrington quote was thus made after Ambassador Smith's departure from Cuba.

In my article I did not intend to single out the Freeport Sulphur Company as particularly reprehensible in its dealings with the dictatorship. Every businessman in Cuba had to get along by the use of influence and bribes. If Moa Bay really got its tax reduction without political or diplomatic pressure, and without the distribution of money in the right places (and Carrington does not say that it did), this was an example of generosity almost without parallel in the history of Cuba.

Samuel Shapiro
Rochester, Mich.

EUROPE

We'll see the usual plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia & N. Africa. A different trip—for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Also shorter trips. Budget priced.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box N — Pasadena, California

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Name the book—we'll find it for you! All subjects—no obligation to buy. Write Books-On-File. Dept. NR, Union City, New Jersey.

BOOKS FOUND THROUGH WORLD-WIDE CONTACTS BOOK LAND

Box 74561K

Los Angeles 4, Calif.

"L'EXPRESS"

The leading liberal newspaper in France today. Send 10¢ for your sample copy.

Howard Publications
Dept. SB,
173 Third Avenue
New York 3

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"

Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free.

Sleep-Learning Research Association
Box 24-NR Olympia, Washington

Use NIX-ON-DICK gummed labels on correspondence. 500 eye-catching labels for \$1.00.

NIX-ON-DICK
3577 Lugo Avenue,
San Bernardino,
Calif.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS

Economical, insured moving and storage vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance
AL 5-8343

The Padded Wagon, Inc. New York, N. Y.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! \$10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

FREE HISTORY-POLITICS CATALOG

Also locate any book you want.

Flushing Books
Department, D, 67-12 136th Street
Flushing 67, New York

SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE

with professional background in non-fiction magazine writing and book reviewing would like to collaborate on a book in the general field of social studies. Compensation secondary. Write Box 45, The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

RELIGION AND LABOR Council of America offers 3 issues of its weekly *Walking Together* free. Sprightly, informative, unique—52 issues for \$1! Write RLCA, 3498 No. High St., Columbus 14, Ohio

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year..... 9c
Per word 48 times in one contract year..... 8c

NEW REPUBLIC

1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

Printed by National Publishing Co.,
301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.



MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE

"A cause for celebration," Allan Temko proclaimed in the New York Times Book Review. "Never before in this country has a series such as this been published, compact in format but nevertheless generously illustrated, written with high seriousness and intended not only for the professional architect and the student, but also for the public at large." The authoritative volumes that comprise the MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE are an indispensable reference shelf on the men who have done most to determine the major trends of our time. The individual books combine informative analyses with profuse illustrations to show the scope of each master's work and provide answers to such questions as: Who is he? Which and where are his most important buildings? How does he fit into the total picture of architecture today? If you act now you may have the important new MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE series (just published at a retail price of \$29.75) for the special introductory price of \$5, with membership in The Seven Arts Book Society.

6 Volumes Boxed—Each 7½" x 10" Volume Contains a Detailed Chronology, Bibliography, and Index plus 80 pp. of illus. and a 10,000 Word Text.

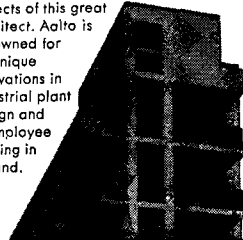
WRIGHT

By Vincent Scully, Jr. A concise statement of the sources from which F.L.W.'s architecture—and the images he sought to create—grew, and a new consideration of the master's relation to other arts, such as music, literature, and painting.



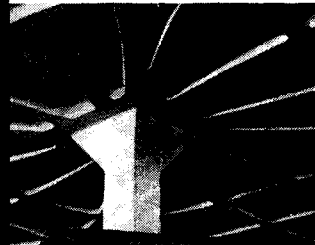
AALTO

Frederick Gutheim throws new light on the humanistic aspects of this great architect. Aalto is renowned for his unique innovations in industrial plant design and in employee housing in Finland.



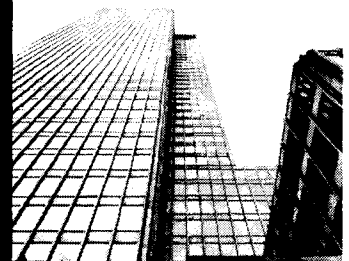
NERVI

A clear and readable account by Ada Louise Huxtable of Nervi's revolutionary structural techniques. Nervi is now completing three stadiums for the 1960 Olympics in Rome.



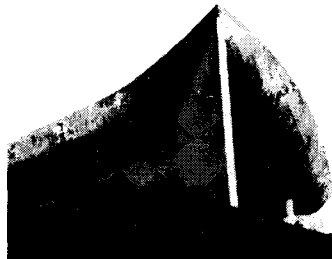
MIES VAN DER ROHE

Arthur Drexler fully explores the work of today's foremost exponent of classicism in architecture — exemplified in New York's Seagram Building.



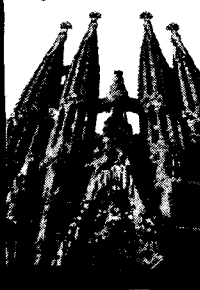
LE CORBUSIER

By Francoise Choay. A revealing interpretation of a figure whose influence has been felt throughout the world in both architecture and in city planning.



GAUDI

By George R. Collins. The first extensive text in English to appear on this unique Spanish architect. Presents the full range of his surrealist vision.



The seven arts BOOK SOCIETY

offers you the opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls"—to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts—at substantial savings. The selections of The Seven Arts Book Society—like those listed below—are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 30% and more. Why not discover the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization today? You may begin your membership with the MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE—itself a selection of The Seven Arts Book Society, and typical of the kind of books members regularly receive—at the special introductory price of \$5.

OTHER RECENT SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY SELECTIONS

The Stones of Florence, Mary McCarthy. 277 pp., 8½ x 11, 137 photos. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$10.95.

Paul Klee, Will Grohmann. 441 pp. 11¼ x 8½, 510 illus. Retail \$17.50. Member's price \$13.50.

Great Paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Retail \$17.50. Member's price \$13.50.

The Great American Artists Series: Albert P. Ryder; Thomas Eakins; Winslow Homer; Willem de Kooning; Jackson Pollock; Stuart Davis. 6 vols., boxed. Retail \$29.75. Member's price \$16.95.

The Sculpture of Africa, Eliot Elisofon. 256 pp., 11 x 14, 405 photos. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$10.95.

Rembrandt, Ludwig Münz. 9¾ x 12¾. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$11.95.

Space, Time and Architecture, Sigfried Giedion. 780 pp., 450 illus. Retail \$12.50. Member's price \$9.50.

Pablo Picasso, Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartès. 524 pp., 8½ x 12, 606 illus. Retail \$17.50. Member's price \$13.50.

The Living City and The Natural House, both by Frank Lloyd Wright. Combined retail price \$15.00. Member's price \$11.00.

The Art of India, Louis Frederic. 426 gravure illus., 9 x 11, 464 pp. Retail \$17.50. Member's price \$12.95.

YOURS FOR \$5
RETAIL PRICE \$29.75

The seven arts BOOK SOCIETY

c/o THE NEW REPUBLIC, 1244 19th St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

You may enter my name as a member and send me the MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE series for only \$5.00 (plus postage and handling). I agree to take as few as six additional selections in the course of my membership. I am to receive each month without charge the attractive Seven Arts News containing an extensive review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at member's prices. If I do not want the selection announced I can return your simple form saying "send me nothing," or use it to order another book from the more than 100 authoritative volumes offered in the course of a year. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the six additional selections.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Please print full name

Address

City

Zone

State

S60-109